

time for me to get rid of the hat. But not a bit of it! I found I was expected to walk in with the queen on my arm, and my hat in my other hand—a piece of etiquette which reminded me of nothing with which I was previously acquainted except a Jewish wedding on the East Side of New York, where the participants and guests of honor wear their hats during the ceremony, and where, on the occasions when I was Police Commissioner, and occasionally attended such weddings, I would march solemnly in to the wedding feast with the bride, or the bride's mother, on one arm, and my hat in my other hand. Both at the Italian Court and at the East Side weddings, however, some attendant took the hat as soon as I sat down at the table. At dinner I took as great a fancy to the queen as I had already taken to the king. I sat between the queen and her niece—whom she had always treated as an elder daughter or younger sister—the Princess Boyal of Servia. Both spoke French, not English. I am sorry to say that I am too much like Chaucer's Abbess in that my French is more like that of Stratford-at-Bow, than to French of Paris. But still, such as it is, I speak it with daring fluency; and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. The queen is a really fine woman, with a strong touch of the heroic in her, and I greatly liked the princess also. They interested me because, to an American, it was curious to meet cultivated women, fond of reading, whose acquaintance with books barely touched the limits of English literature.

In other words, they were cultivated people of the Balkans of south-eastern Europe. They knew French well and some German, but very little English. Both had a passionate love for the Montenegrin land, for its people and its history, and they were delighted when they found that I really did know its history and shared to the full their admiration for it. They were also interested to find that I knew Carmen Sylva's writings, especially her translations of the Rumanian folk-songs; and the various translations of the poetry of the Balkan Slavs. The princess was in sympathy a thorough Montenegrin and not a Servian, and I found